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Read

HOLDING FAST.

In the bitter waves of woe,
  Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
  From the desolate shores of doubt;

Where the anchors that Faith has cast
  Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
  To the things that can not fail.

I know that right is right,
  That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite
  And a neighbor than a spy.

I know that passion needs
  The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
  Some sure reward shall find;

That the rulers must obey,
  That the givers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
  For the beautiful feet of Peace;

In the darkest of the year,
  When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
  That faith is better than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
  And long though the angels hide,
I know that truth and right
  Have the universe on their side.

—Washington Gladden.

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W. W. FERRIER, Editor,

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

THE RIGHT TRACK.

The speech of Senator Wolfe, in the senate at Sacramento, in reply to some of those who have criticised him for asking Chaplain Darling to omit the name of Jesus Christ from his prayers, was, so far as we have seen it in print, a dignified one. The senator stated that he believed in religion and in the efficacy of prayer; that ten years ago, when there were three of the Jewish faith in the senate, he and the others had called on the chaplain and had asked in a respectful manner if he could not modify his prayers somewhat. "We told him that we had respect for his convictions," said Senator Wolfe, "and asked him if he thought he could so modify his prayers from a sectarian standpoint that all the members of the senate might pray with him. We found him to be a broad-minded Christian, and thereafter it was quite possible for every one in the senate to pray with him." Mr. Wolfe says that it was in the same respectful spirit that he asked Chaplain Darling "if he thought he could without sacrificing his convictions so pray that Jew and Gentile might pray with him."

In the course of his speech Senator Wolfe said: "I stand for liberty of conscience, for freedom of thought, and the right of every man to worship God in accordance with the dictates of his conscience. The history of this State will show that I have fought for this principle." In conclusion he said: "I desire to state that I shall never again, even by suggestion, attempt to indicate to the chaplain aught along the line of his duty in this position, and if it be possible that I can pray with him I will do so. If not, I will do as I do every day of my life—pray in the silence of my chamber to the God of my fathers."

Senator Wolfe is to be commended, and it is to be hoped that chaplain Darling will so conduct the devotional services as to make them as unobjectionable as possible to him and others of the Jewish faith. We mean of course that this should be done without the sacrifice of his convictions. There are some percons who go to unwarranted lengths in the effort to stand by their convictions. As we expressed ourselves last week: Let the chaplains be free. If a Jew is asked to serve, let him pray as the Jews pray; if a Unitarian, let him pray as the Unitarians pray; if a minister of any of the evangelical churches, let him pray as such ministers are accustomed to pray.

Senator Wolfe made a mistake in that he made the request that he did make. It is evident from his own statement that he will not make it again.

Today there sits in President Roosevelt's cabinet at Washington, with the approval doubtless of the American people in general, a man who is a Jew—one who has always adhered to the faith of his fathers. Several years ago when this man, Oscar Straus, was United States Minister to Turkey, he won some remarkable diplomatic victories for the Christian church in the Mohammedan empire.

"When the name of Mr. Straus was suggested to President Cleveland as a cadidate for Minister to Turkey, the President hesitated," says a current magazine article. "It was a delicate matter. There were five hundred American mission schools and four American colleges in Turkey. The Mohammedans had been forcing the Christians to close their schools. Would it do to send a Jew to protect Christian church interests? The President asked the Presbyterian board of foreign missions. The Presbyterians knew of Mr. Straus and promptly indorsed him."

Among those who urged his appointment was Henry Ward Beecher who after writing of his ability and fitness added: "Is it not also a duty to set forth in this quiet but effectual method the genius of American government, which has under its fostering care people of all civilized nations, and which treats them without regard to civil, religious or race peculiarities as common citizens? We send Danes to Denmark, Germans to Germany; we reject no man because he is a Frenchman. Why should we not make a crowning testimony to the genius of our people by sending a Hebrew to Turkey? The ignorance and superstition of medieval Europe may account for the prejudice of that dark age. But how a Christian in our day can turn from a Jew I cannot imagine. Christianity itself suckled at the bosom of Judaism; our roots are in the Old Testament. We are Jews ourselves gone to blossom and fruit. Christianity is Judaism in evolution, and it would seem strange for the seed to turn against the stock on which it was grown."

And so Mr. Straus was appointed and after a little while thanks and congratulations poured in upon him from all over our country for what he had done and was doing for the Christian churches and colleges in Turkey.

In his boyhood this broad-minded man attended for a time a Baptist Sunday-school in a village in Georgia. His father was faithful to the religion of his fathers, his own sire being a member of a great Jewish sanhedrim which Napoleon once convened in Paris; but there were no religious services of his kind in the community in which he settled, and wishing his boy to be under some religious influence he sent him to the Sunday-school conducted by the Baptists.

Today Oscar Straus remains a Hebrew of the Hebrews; it did not damage him any as a Jew to study the story of the life of Jesus of Nazareth; nor to listen to prayers in his name. Rather, we are confident that it had considerable to do with making him the broad-minded man that he now is—a man whom President Cleveland honored with a great diplomatic position; a man to whom Secretary Blaine of President Harrison's cabinet, when his resignation came from Constantinople, conveyed the information that sixteen American colleges and many Christian societies and associations asked that he reconsider and remain in Turkey; a man whom President McKinley consulted many times and who finally at his urgent request, and at much personal sacrifice, went back to Turkey and won other great diplomatic victories.

Senator Wolfe got on the right track when he decided and stated that he would never again say any-

thing to a chaplain as to how he should pray. That track will not, probably, lead him up to any such exalted position as Mr. Straus now occupies; but it is the right track—and to be on the right track ought to satisfy any man; for the right track is never a back track; it points only forward.

NEED FOR WATCHFULNESS.

Not many papers hereabouts are attempting to stay in any way the anti-Japanese agitation. Among the few that have taken a stand against it is The Argonaut, of San Francisco. In the last number the editor quotes from an address given recently by President Jordan of Stanford, the principal features of which address were contained in the article by Dr. Jordan, quoted in our columns a few weeks ago, and says concerning it:

"Now, The Argonaut finds itself, with one or two exceptions, fairly in approval of Dr. Jordan's utterances as above quoted. We cannot admit that an exclusion act would be a 'hoodlum act;' but whoever has been at the least pains to get at the temper of the East knows that there is not the slightest prospect, indeed hardly the possibility, of a Japanese exclusion law. Furthermore, it may be said that if the law excluding Chinese were not already a fixed fact its enactment now as a piece of original legislation would be a practical impossibility. There is no use in denying the plain facts of a situation because we would have it otherwise. It is believed in the East that we cannot do business successfully with the Orient in competition with Europe and at the same time maintain the closed door in the matter of immigration. It would be the sheerest stupidity to shut our eyes to the fact."

Concerning Dr. Jordan personally The Argonaut says: "Dr. Jordan's eyes are not shut, and being by temperament and habit a man of plain speech, not wanting to get into public office, and having no favors to ask either of the politicians or of the trades unions, he has said precisely what he thinks. It is striking only because it is unusual in California for a man in public station to stand before the public without a gag in his mouth or to speak his mind without concession, evasion or quibble."

We do not believe that a Japanese exclusion act will be passed by congress. But we can by no means say with The Argonaut that there is hardly a possibility of it. It is well to be watchful. Quietly a most determined effort is being made by the rabid exclusionists to mold public sentiment in the East; and it is a well-known fact that nearly all persons in this part of California who have declared themselves against exclusion have been made the subjects of most virulent attacks. No one who does not see a large number of papers can have any conception of the abuse that has been heaped upon many of those who have had the courage to declare themselves; and there is among us an element that would as readily club a man for opposing them in this matter as in some other matters over which clubs and revolvers have been used. There are in this fight those who made up their minds that it should be of "a rough-and-tumble" kind. Thus far only the tongue and pen have been used; but the boycott has been threatened and timid ones have been scared already into their holes.

Worth consideration in this connection are the following words from an able article in a recent number of the North American Review:

"Thirty years ago it did not seem in the least probable, to the greater part of those Americans living east of the Rocky Mountains that Chinese exclusion would form a distinctive feature of our national policy. Only a few years before we had given to the Burlingame-Chinese Embassy an effusive welcome, and had taken to ourselves with perhaps characteristic light-heartedness—in contradistinction to the reticence shown by European nations the role of friend and promoter of the Chinese in their wish to have their country received and treated as a member of the great sisterhood of modern nations. It was also known that Chinese labor, in the absence of an adequate supply of white labor, was greatly needed to bring about the expeditious industrial development of the Pacific coast, and it was supposed that the self-interest of the farmers and of practically all classes of business men in California, Oregon and Nevada would be more than sufficient to neutralize the influence on party policy which Denis Kearney and his fellow 'sand-lot' orators had begun to exert. Yet in five years from the time the movement was definitely started, a law was enacted by congress which in effect embodied in their entirety the demands of the anti-Chinese agitators of San Francisco. As history frequently repeats itself, one may be warranted in discovering in the anti-Japanese agitation recently begun in San Francisco more serious grounds for apprehension than would be found if the question at issue went no further than whether Japanese children residing in that city should go to a public school attended only by Orientals, or should be permitted to receive instruction in the public schools of the municipal districts in which they live."

The writer of the NorthAmerican Review article declares—and with good reason—that the hostility to the Japanese is something more on the coast than a school question, and a warning is sounded which in connection with all that is being said here and there ought to cause the people to rally against this unreasonable clamor for exclusion. The writer of the article is Osborne Howes who has been a writer on economic and commercial questions for the New York Evening Post, the Boston Transcript and The Globe, and who was for many years the leading editorial writer on the Boston Herald.

Mr. Howes says: "There is no probability of any large migration of Japanese to this country. Their movement, like that of the great tide of humanity will be westward. For years to come there will be ten emigrants from Italy and Russia and Hungary arriving in this country to every Japanese who comes hither. If in obedience to a proscriptive sentiment we bar our doors against the entrance of those relatively few Japanese, our countrymen on the Pacific slope can bid farewell to any hopes they may have entertained concerning their future commercial development, because by this action we shall have destroyed their Asiatic trade and turned the ocean that faces from an avenue for commerce into a trade barrier."

Mention is made by Mr. Howes of the fact that Japanese influence is now the dominant factor in Eastern Asia. "Should Japan erase our name from her list of commercial friends, one may be sure that the greater part of the markets of the Far East would be directly or indirectly closed to our trade."

The Pacific does not wish to see the coast flooded by coolie laborers, but we do ask our people to be broad-minded and just, and to treat the Japanese and other Asiatics as we treat other foreigners no more deserving. We cannot agree with Senator Anthony who said in the senate at Sacramento the other day: "Discrimination, though it may be at variance with the broadest principles of comity, is for our salvation." In the long run it will be to our detriment—perhaps even to our destruction. God is not dead, and justice must prevail.

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

On account of the greatly increased cost of living, the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, will provide $600 this year for the salary of its foreign pastor, the Rev. W. M. Curtis of Niigata, Japan.

At the Anti-Saloon League conference in Oakland last week Dr. Chapman stated that Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, gave more money for Anti-Saloon League work than any other church in the United States.

When the Rev. Mr. Bissell of India spoke in Pilgrim Church, Oakland, recently he stated that fifty dollars would support a native preacher for a year and that sixty dollars would support a preacher and provide for a horse. Some parents who were present and who are supporting a preacher told this to their children when they reached home; the children thought that it was too bad that the man didn't have a horse, and wondered why they couldn't provide for it, and now it is arranged that they shall do so; and so another worker's influence is widened.

The Anti-Saloon League conference in Oakland last week was well attended by ministers and laymen in this vicinity, and hearty cooperation was promised Dr. Chapman in the work of the League if he should decide to undertake it again for this part of the state. Dr. Chapman has decided to take the work in connection with that of Southern California and will associate with him some able men long devoted to the great temperance cause. We welcome Dr. Chapman and his co-laborers. We know of no other organization that has waged so valiant and so successful a battle against the saloon as the Anti-Saloon League has; and Dr. Chapman, as a leader, has long stood at the fore-front in the battle. We congratulate the temperance forces in Central and Northern California in that he is again to take charge of the work. The battle against the saloon is a battle God calls us to fight. The doors of the churches should be wide open to these workers, the hearts and pocket-books of the members responsive.

The Bible study work carried on by the Rev. T. C. Horton, the assistant pastor of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, has so developed that Dr. Horton has resigned the assistant pastorate and under the Federation of Churches will conduct the rapidly widening Bible study work. The Los Angeles Times says: "The work developed so rapidly under Dr. Horton that at the time of his resignation he was teaching nine different Bible classes each week, and but one of them in Immanuel Church, and it was at his own request that he was turned over to the federation. He will continue to teach the young men's classes in Immanuel Sunday-school, and will also continue the Tuesday evening class in that church, though it has no connection with it, being attended by large numbers of people from all denominations. One of his classes, to which reference has been frequently made in The Times, is the Fishermen's Club, which meets every Monday night at the Federation Club. It consists of a regular attendance of more than one hundred young men, who lunch together prior to the lesson. The method of Dr. Horton is so intelligent, brusque and businesslike, and so free from anything like cant, that it appeals to men in a remarkable way, and on no other hypothesis can his phenomenal success in gathering and holding men be accounted for. He is supported in this work by a benevolent gentleman of this city."

At the time of the writing of this note it has not been settled by vote of the First Congregational Church of Oakland whether it will accept or refuse the offer of $400,000 for its property. But it is perfectly safe to say that the offer will be refused, and that the church will remain where it is. Commenting a few days ago on this fact a leading real-estate man in Oakland said: "Right in the heart of New York, at the head of Wall street, is the grand old Trinity Church. The land on which it stands is worth millions, yet even the most ambitious New Yorkers would hardly want to see the site of Trinity removed. The First Congregational Church in this city will soon be surrounded by business blocks, and even now the big new Orpheum is being erected right next to the church. Of course, from a purely commercial point of view, it would be better to remove this big place of worship. But there are other things than mere commercialism to be studied in connection with laying out a city, and a large church with an influential membership is not at all a bad thing to have even in the midst of business blocks. Clay street presents an interesting spectacle today. In several places the old-time dwellings are being removed to make place for business blocks. Several large local merchants have about completed their plans for magnificent blocks of six or more stories, and the activity prevails clear from San Pablo avenue to the water front. If the big block of land on which the First Congregational Church stands, surrounded with a good wide strip of green lawn were to have been acquired years ago as a public park, nobody would have had any grievance at this late day. A handsome church, with a powerful membership taking a keen interest in it, is surely of greater value to the community even than a public park, and this is the view I take of it. Two other large down-town churches are preparing to dispose of their property. Not long ago the First Baptist Church sold its down-town site and moved to Twentieth and Telegraph. Several years ago the First Synagogue moved several blocks westerly, and so the First Congregational Church may soon be the only remaining house of worship in the heart of Oakland. This is even more emphasized by the fact that today the historical old St. Paul's Church is on its way to a new site to make room for Oakland's great $2,000,000 hotel. It is well to have at least one reminder that there is something better on earth than to be forever chasing the almighty dollar."

CHRIST AND THE ETERNAL ORDER.*

A Book by the Professor of Christian Theology in Pacific Seminary.

Dr. Buckham states in the opening article of his book that "the most virile and hopeful movement in modern theology is what is known as the **Christocentric Theology.**" "It has laid hold of the true worth and significance of Jesus Christ with an insight and a power that have aroused attention and produced conviction. But it has failed to move onward beyond a certain range of affirmation. The principle has been clearly stated, the method justified, the sufficiency of the Christ personality demonstrated, but progress is arrested. It still remains to show how nature and humanity are to be interpreted through Christ."

The reason for this stand-still in the Christocentric theology is: "The Historic Christ (to whom the modern Christocentric thought has confined itself) alone is insufficient to interpret either humanity or nature. The difficulty is that nature and humanity were here before Jesus. Unless therefore, Jesus was intimately related to a Logos, who was before him, nature and humanity explain him rather than he them. With a thrill of insight and joy the new theology has caught the universal significance of Jesus as the new science of history has disclosed him. Not until the evolutionary principle had reconstructed the conception of history was it possible to realize how commanding and constructive a place Jesus Christ occupies in human history. It is no wonder that the new theology, smitten with the splendor and significance of this new disclosure of the centrality of Jesus, has confined its attention to this illuminating fact, and failed to coordinate with it the fact of the presence of a spiritual presence in humanity before the Incarnation.

Dr. Buckham is of opinion that the time has come when the Christocentric theology must enlarge its conception of Christ if it is to maintain its position. His book is an earnest, scholarly, devout attempt to delineate the Larger Christ, to show him to be the center and power of the whole sphere of the religious life of man in all ages and among all peoples.

The consideration is under three divisions: The Significance of Christ; Aspects of Christ; The Potencies of Christ. Under the first there are chapters on: The Christology of Today; Revelation, Progressive and Final; The Christocentric View-Point; Christ Interpreting God; Christ Interpreting Nature; Christ Interpreting Man; The Worship of Christ.

Under Aspects of Christ there are: The Human, the Historic, the Eternal, the Living and the Cosmic Christ.

Under the Potencies of Christ the thought is centered on Christ as Pre-Present and Pre-Potent, the Christ Indwelling, the Christ in Conscience and the Regenerating, Atoning, Risen and Returning Christ. There are chapters also on Christ and Social Redemption and The Kingdom of Christ.

In one of the opening chapters Professor Buckham moves along the ascent of revelation and says finally: "It is only in a single life, unitary in its purity and radiance, all-embracing in its winsomeness and sympathy, that we can hope to find a true incarnation, a perfect revelation of God, in his human kinship and character. Given such a life, and a true knowledge of God and an assured confidence in him follow. Personality alone suffices. Only a person can reveal a person. If God is personal, nothing less than a personal being can reveal him as he is. Nature may reveal certain of his qualities and attributes; humanity in its corporate and superior life may disclose even more of his nature; but only a person, conscious, clear-souled, perfect, can reveal his very Self."

In the chapter on Christ as an interpreter of God it is shown that although in point of originality the truth of divine Fatherhood was not absolutely new with Jesus, yet in potentiality and universality it was new with him. "No one before Jesus, Jew or pagan, had ever made it a vital, personal, practical reality. No one before him had given it universal significance and application.

To the question, Whence did Jesus derive this truth of the divine Fatherhood? the answer is: "Partly through the ancient normal medium of social, national, parental instruction. But this teaching alone, though passed through the alembic of religious genius and raised to the highest level of the prophet, fails to account for the intensity and confidence with which Jesus realized this truth. Nothing less than a unique religious consciousness will suffice * * * The man through whom humanity entered into its richest experience of God can hardly have been less than holy, guileless, undefiled, a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek, one to whom we may apply every term of endearment and homage without fear or constraint. From the character of his mission, from the quality of his personality and from the quiet confidence of his own words concerning himself (e. g. Matt. xi: 27) we are impelled to find in him a sonship peculiar to himself."

In treating of Christ as an interpreter of man the author says: "In order to understand any organic species it is necessary to know it in its origin, its development and its maturity. Most emphatically is this true of humanity. It is not enough to trace its origin and its development; we should see it also in its perfection. Anthropology alone is insufficient to explain man; anthropology and history are insufficient; we need also revelation. Since we cannot see the future man, the final product of social evolution, by him to know what manhood is, we require a prototype, a forerunner, an ensample, by whom to interpret ourselves and our race. But is this possible? Is not the perfect man impossible save as the product of a perfect society? Yes, unless he enter the race from above, as a sent and supernatural being, 'trailing clouds of glory from God who is his home.'"

In the case of Christ, Dr. Buckham believes that the law of evolution was transcended. "Evolution is God's process," he says, "beautiful and fruitful, but it is not his only process. He is not limited to one method. Evolution and revelation are not mutually exclusive terms. With the advent of self-consciousness evolution yields to a higher law. 'Resident forces' are supplemented by non-resident ideals. An amoeba does not need an ideal before him in order to stimulate him to perfect development, but a man does. Conscious development cannot proceed without a goal, an ideal,—a Christ.

In the course of his thought on Christ as an in-

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* **"Christ And The Eternal Order." By John Wright Buckham, D.D. Pilgrim Press, Boston; $1 Net.**

terpreter of man Dr. Buckham says: "It is as unreasonable to study man and leave the Man out, as to study history and leave Christianity out. Christ has woven himself into the very mind structure of humanity. Psychology tells us that it is impossible for a person to read a book without being a somewhat different being for it. Much less is it possible to hear the Christ story without being changed by it. And when an entire civilization is saturated with the Christ as its acknowledged ideal, he must enter, consciously or unconsciously into all thinking and doing, with a force that it is impossible to measure. Individuals reject him, but humanity has received him." And only through him, he continues, can we know ourselves, our possibilities, our imperfection, our true harmony of being.

The following is a banner of inspiration: "The light of the incarnation falls upon the entire nature and history of man. It lights up the dull eyes of our low-browed simian ancestor with the promise of immortal progress and attainment; it falls upon the slowly developing, plodding savage and makes his every upward step significant; it falls upon the most hopeless individual member of the race and reveals him as a brother of the imperial Christ and capable of illimitable progress."

In considering the Historic Christ his transforming work in the world is graphically depicted, and then it is said: "Christ means far more to humanity than an historic individual. The unique and potent place which he holds in the life of the race can be explained only as we connect the Historic Christ with the Christ who was before history and above history —the Word who was in the beginning with God and was God." This Christ, he says, was in the world before Jesus came, and remained after he departed. "The Eternal Christ was the first Messenger of the Incarnation and the first Missionary of the Cross. It is he who was preferred before the Historic Christ, for he was before him; it is he who survived Jesus and glorified him. This is the Christ of consciousness, the Christ of the Fourth Gospel, the Inner and Eternal Proto-type and Ideal."

Going further into Professor Buckham's study of the Larger Christ we find him setting forth Regeneration as "a divine process as ancient and as varied as humanity, yet coming to full effect only in Christianity; the Holy Spirit no late-sent visitant from heaven descending to earth at Pentecost, nor yet a divine influence restricted to one people alone, but the Father's gracious Paraclete sent to help his children from the beginning; and the Christ through whom the spirit operates, not merely the God-man coming in the flesh in the fulness of time, but also the ever-present Word, the Light that lighteth every man coming into the world."

And the Atonement he regards as an eternal process in the heart of God, saying: "An eternal atonement is the necessary corollary of eternal divine love. A love that never suffered for human sin before the crucifixion, or that never before the incarnation in great compassion sought to win men away from sin, would not be love." Mulford, author of **Republic of God,** is quoted, "The redemption of the Christ was the manifestation of that which is eternal in the being of God," and the thought of Dr. Buckham in continuance is: "An eternal atonement is the only explanation of an historic atonement. To hold any theory which contains the implication that God made up his mind, at a certain point in the history of human sin, to be atoned by the death of his Son, or even that he determined from eternity to be atoned at that particular time and by that particular event, is to degrade one's thought of God." Mention is made of the parable of the husbandmen as refuting this notion: "Many messengers of atonement are sent, and all suffer ill-treatment, the Son comes only when the refusal of other endeavors toward reconciliation makes his coming possible and needful." But in all this there is no absolute exclusion of "the thought to which theology has clung so tenaciously, that in the sacrifice of Calvary the heart of God was moved to a still deeper and fuller forgiveness of men."

The concluding thought on Christ Atoning maintains that eternal atonement does not lessen the need and value of the historic atonement. As to this we quote: "Here as elsewhere, neither a purely historic Christ, nor a Christ who was preexistent with the Father, but entirely unknown to humanity before the incarnation will suffice. God must have been in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, even before the great historic reconciliation. Otherwise it is impossible to account for the sense of divine forgiveness and compassion experienced by men before Christianity, as reflected, for example, in the penitential psalms of Assyrians and Egyptians, and in the tender assurances of divine forgiveness in the words of Hebrew prophets and psalmists.

"And yet, how almost universally was this inner revelation despised; how persistently men preferred darkness rather than light; how urgent became the need of an historic atonement! Eternal love has always waited with the ring and the best robe and the forgiving embrace, and never without cost of suffering and sacrifice; for although the parable does not tell us what the Father suffered on the day the prodigal took his journey, and the days that followed, we may read it between the lines, in the very warmth of the welcome. But humanity in its sin had rejected the Indwelling Christ, had forgotten the deserted home and the forgiving Father, and it needed the suffering Son of man and the uplifted cross to restore mankind to itself and to God. Thus does the sacrifice of Jesus in time, disclose the heart of God in eternity and reveal the sacrificial nature of Love."

Throughout, this book by Professor Buckham is an exaltation of Christ. On one of the closing pages, writing of social salvation and world redemption, he says: "Inspiring and impelling as is the man Jesus, as such alone he would be insufficient to accomplish the redemption of humanity. The reduction of Jesus to the level of ordinary humanity and the corresponding deification of humanity as sufficient to attain its own salvation apparently results in stagnation of effort. And in Christocentric theology he finds not only the principle of social redemption but also the motive for it. As he surveys the progress of the world and notes how near the kingdom is and yet how far he asks: "What, then, if men should learn at last to recognize their own impotence and to rely upon God? What if the heart of humanity should turn and become again as the heart of a little child? What if a wide-spread dissatisfaction with material prosperity, with ease and pleasure and selfishness should come over our twentieth century civilization,

—a great longing for righteousness and faith? Would not the Golden Age be ushered in and humanity come at last to its own?"

Some such longing and hope as this seems to him to be stirring in the hearts of many throughout Christendom today, "based upon the conviction that political reform and industrial improvement and social betterment are not enough; indeed that they are not possible in any real way, without a regeneration that goes deeper than external wrongs and defects and renews the very heart of the individual and of society." Nothing of power and permanence, he believes, can come in social redemption so long as we continue to make God an adjunct, an assistant, an abettor of humanity in the struggle for progress, and of Christ simply a teacher, a type, a helper to our ends. Thus is humanity self-exalted and God affronted.

THE INTERDENOMINATIONAL MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

It may be a few years before all our people are awake to the value of the missionary movement that has been inaugurated, primarily among the young people's societies, but now widening out until all the departments of the churches are being reached.

The Institutes lately held in San Jose and Berkeley, were grand schools of missions, and lacked only in atttendance. Concerning the one held in the Methodist Episcoual Church in Berkeley, we can speak of personal knowledge; and can bear testimony of the benefits obtained therefrom.

The thorough business spirit in which everything was carried forward by the leaders, impressed those in attendance. The dependence on prayer, to obtain the presence and blessing of God's Spirit, was manifest in every one of the sessions.

The meetings were seen to be not only places of knowledge on the subject of world-wide evangelization, but were also a means of inspiration, in the cause of missions, to each person present.

The method of procedure was, First, Devotion. The early hours of the forenoon and afternoon, during each of the three days the Institute lasted, were given to prayer for missions and misisonaries, at home and abroad; and that God would raise up more workers for the waiting harvest. A room was set apart—opened and warmed constantly—to which any one could repair for communion with the Lord of the harvest, and this room was much in use.

Second, Conference. In the general assembly room, with all who had registered taking part, such themes as, "The Sunday-school and Missions," "How Conduct Missionary Classes," "Systematic Giving," "How Interest all the Members of the Churches in Missions," were, by skillfully asked questions, thoroughly discussed. In this way a large fund of information was elicited, to assist those desirous of knowledge in this department of church work.

Third, Teaching. The whole number registered were divided according to their own choice, into home and foreign classes, and these again, when large, subdivided into smaller sections, under specially able teachers. like Dr. —— Chivers, who led in the Home Department Class; Mr. —— Millikin and Dr. —— Zweimer, who conducted the classes in the foreign work.

Fourth, Inspiration. Adresses were given on great missionary themes by Dr. —— Bissell, Dr. Chivers and Mr. E. D. Soper.

This fourfold manner of presenting the work—by devotion, conference, teaching, and by inspirational addresses, is certainly ideal. In this way the attack is made at once, upon the heart and mind. The facts presented before the classes serve as fuel, which the speakers in their addresses set on fire.

The large number who attended the Home Missionary Class, conducted by Dr. Chivers, in which the book of Dr. Howard B. Grose, "Aliens or Americans?" was used as a text-book, all bear witness how the wonderful and terrible facts therein contained, skillfully manipulated as they were by that prince of teachers, thrilled and stirred them. He made us feel that we would like, at once, to go forth to have some part in the blessed and exceedingly necessary work of changing hundreds of thousands of foreigners who yearly come to our land, into American citizens, and if possible into citizens of the kingdom of Christ. A large number of these immigrants are ignorant of our American ideals, and prejudiced against all forms of government by the oppression from which they have fled to our shores.

One main purpose of the Institute, and ever emphasized by the teachers, was to secure persons who would organize classes in their home churches(like these they were there attending), and by this teaching prepare them to conduct such classes, and also, so to inspire them, through the addresses, that they might create enthusiasm in others. In this way the work of the convention would be multiplied manyfold.

This Institute was happily conceived, prayerfully planned, wisely conducted, and grandly successful. The only disappointment was in the part the churches in the vicinity alone could do, but which they failed to perform. From the locality where the Iistitute is held must come the attendance. That it was not up to the expectation of the local promoters was the fault of the Berkeley and Oakland churches. If the Institute did not do all it was capable of doing, the cause was, the teachers did not get an opportunity to meet the people. We are sure, however, that when the next Institute is held, many who are now sorry they missed the good things of the one lately conducted, and all those who were in attendance upon the sessions lately closed, will surely make the Institute of the future the power it should be in our churches for the advance of mission work at home and abroad.

SHOP MEETINGS BY THE NEW YORK FEDERATION OF CHURCHES.

During ten days in February 500 gospel meetings will be held in at least 200 shops in the city of New York, and addresses will be be made by leading preachers of the city. The Federation Committee represents the leading Protestant denominations, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, Episcolians, Lutherans, Disciples and others. The leader in the work is Rev. Charles Stelzle, and his clerical associates who have alreadv accepted appointments are: George Alexander, University Place Presbyterian Church; William Carter, Madison Avenue Reformed Church; John Bancroft Devins, editor of the New York Observer; George P. Eckman, St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church; John C. Fagg, Middle Collegiate Church; Newell Dwight Hillis, Plymouth Congrega-

tional Church, Brooklyn; Edward Judson, Memorial Baptist Church; Morris W. Leibert, Moravian Church; C. E. Locke, Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn; C. A. Miller, Holy Trinity Lutheran Church; John P. Peters, St. Michael's Protestant Episcopal Church; Henry A. Stimson, Manhattan Congregational Church; E. T. Willis, Disciples' Church, Bronx; and Warren A. Wilson, Arlington Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. Laymen who will assist are Frank Harvey Field, Baptist; James D. Merriman, Methodist; F. B. Tasker, representing the Young Men's Christian Association; W. H. van Steenbergh, Reformed, and John Seely Ward, Jr., Episcopalian.

"Having secured permission from a shopowner to hold gospel meetings in an appropriate place in his building, the workmen will be invited by posters to attend it at the noon hour. As soon as the whistle ceases to blow a cornetist will begin to play a familiar selection, sometimes but not always sacred music. This will go on while the men are eating their luncheon. Then souvenir programmes supplied by the committee will be distributed, containing familiar hymns and a few Bible passages. A hymn by a soloist will usually follow the hymn sung by the men, and at 12:15 o'clock the preacher will begin his address of ten minutes, stopping promptly five minutes before the whistle call the men to work. Meetings will he held, so far as possible, for three or four consecutive days in each shop. Where meetings are desired for the entire period by the men and their employers, their request will be granted so far as possible.

Mr. Steizle who leads in this work was an East Side boy who served his apprentice days in a large printing-press works. Later he became an ordained clergyman, who has been the successful pastor of churches in New York, St. Louis, and Minneapolis, which have been attended largely by working men and their families. Four years ago he started the church and labor department of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church. At the meeting of the General Assembly in Des Moines he addressed more than two thousand workingmen on a strictly religious theme. At the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor, in Minneapolis, he carried the fraternal greeting of the new Presbyterian Brotherhood, then in session in Indianapolis; at both of these meetings he was one of the leading speakers. As a labor man and a clergyman he has access to the meetings of both classes, and each has the greatest confidence in him.

"At the time of the World's Fair in St. Louis two years ago Mr. Stelzle had charge of an important evangelistic campaign in that city, in which Dr. Wilbur Chapman and many of the leading evangelists of the country took part. Last year he had charge of a shop-meeting campaign in Chicago backed by the Union Evangelistic Committee, representing five hundred churches. Three hundred meetings were held for ten days in one hundred and ten centres. The attendance of workingmen aggregated nearly 100,000. Fifty thousand souvenir programmes containing hymns, Bible selections and a brief address to the workingmen explaining the motives of the committee and commending to them the advantages of the Christian life, church attendance, and church membership, were distributed.

"Among the many results of the campaign the committee received seventy-five requests for permanent weekly meetings. These were distributed among the churches situated nearest the factories desiring the meetings. Another result was the stimulus which came to preachers and law workers alike, as they saw the possibilities in this form of church service."

THE CALIFORNIA COFFEE CLUBS.

Ernest Fox.

Editor of The Pacific:

I have just read with interest "Can a Reading Room be Made as Attractive as a Saloon?" in your columns of the 10th inst, and I am glad to see that a Chicago church is tackling this problem with such a large measure of success, but I venture to think that the California Coffee Clubs have done more towards finding a solution to this problem than any other one agency.

As far back as Oct. 5th, 1899, W. H. Porterfield, secretary of the San Diego Coffee Club, which was at that time the only coffee club in existence, wrote: "The average daily attendance at the rooms is probably one hundred; fifty per cent of these men were more or less frequenters of the saloons before the Coffee Club opened for business. From obscurity the Club has risen to a conspicuous place on the street. From being an object of ridicule, the Club has risen to a position of respect and honor." A few months later, the president of the Club, Chas. Babcock Jr., wrote: "Our Coffee Club has proved beyond a doubt that men frequent the saloon for the social enjoyment it gives, and they will patronize a room where there is interesting reading, and especially games, and leave the saloon alone. Since that time the San Diego Club has moved into a much larger room, and has established a branch on the water front. Both rooms are crowded with men daily.

It is now 1 p. m.; the rush at the San Jose Coffee Club is over; yet I have just counted seventy-six men and boys in the social room, reading, playing checkers, dominoes or crokinole, or enjoying a social chat. The room is not by any means so quiet as the public library, yet perfect order prevails; fifty-nine men are still in the lunch department and there can be little doubt that the San Jose Coffee Club is as popular as any saloon in the city.

The San Jose Coffee Club opened its men's department Nov. 22, 1900. A women's department was added Aug. 4, 1902, and this department has become as popular as the men's, proving beyond question that in California cities, women as well as men need a social meeting place, free from objectionable features. Light refreshments only are served, yet the Club has been more than self-supporting since the third month of its existence.

The following named articles of food are served for five cents a dish each: Soup, pie, baked beans, fruit nut, grape nut, granola, toasted wheat flakes, toasted corn flakes, flaked rice, salad, meat loaf, warm meat pies, fruit, berries, sandwich, bread and butter, malted milk with doughnuts, coffee bun, coffee, tea, cocoa, milk.

New items are added from time to time, the rule being that nothing shall be served which would give to the room any unpleasant odor or make the service slow, or require an experienced restaurant cook.

Quick service and the genial, social, home-like atmosphere which prevails have made the Club so popular that it now employs 22 people, 7 of whom are short

timers, and though the floor space occupied is 59 feet by 100 feet, it is none too large.

Other cities which have followed the lead of San Diego and San Jose and have established successful coffee clubs are Los Angeles (which has three club rooms, equipped at a total cost of over $8,000), Santa Clara, Watsonville, Los Gatos, Campbell, Santa Cruz, Petaluma, San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara. One will soon be established in Stockton, and one in Santa Rosa. The young people's societies of the state have taken up the movement and pushed it forward vigorously, and that is the chief reason of its rapid, substantial growth, but the young people have not been exclusive; they have invited and obtained the hearty support of the churches.

The Coffee Club is not a charity; it is a fraternal cooperative, benevolent association. The man who eats at a Coffee Club is not receiving charity, as he pays a fair profit on what he gets, and this helps to perpetuate and enlarge the institution. Most of the improvements in the San Jose Coffee Club have been paid for out of the profits from the lunch department, and this is also true of many of the other clubs.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Little Annie.

Doctor Adams' frank story of the Railroad man who owed all he was to him, his faithful pastor, prompts me to tell this incident which a late joyful visit East has brought freshly to memory:

The tramp of the tin pail brigade on the streets of the booming city had won me from a delightful parish pulpit to a city mission. Engines snorted opposite us; car bells rang loud; saloons were on either side. A brothel, we had not discovered ere we rented our hall, was on the top floor above us. The sorry girls sent down beer mugs by strings to be filled in the back alley, while we struggled to teach the children in the Sunday-school of temperance. Faithful Brother B—— did much of the visiting, while I told rich master millers that men needed whitening as well as flour. We sung out the brothel and won the boss bartender.

We had been working a few weeks only when New Year's Day came. A lot of boys wrote letters home that day, telling anxious fathers and mothers they were among safe friends. Many had a splendid dinner, which Christian friends provided. I confess to a readiness for a frolic and a jubilee, for it is strenuous work to finance and run a mission. It's like being a general without having a trained line of officers. But the grateful crowd clamored for "another gospel meeting." They were not sated. How the gospel wears! Can I ever forget the dear child who stood up first to give her witness for Jesus? "Little Annie." This was her testimony, "This has been the happiest time of my life. I have found Jesus here. Mother and father have come to Him and we pray at our house; and Grandma is a Christian, and Uncle too. We are pretty much all for Jesus at home now." And then the father rose for his first testimony. "Brother, I've drunk the intoxicating cup to the dregs and then drank the dregs. I could not go by the saloons. But Annie led me here and brought me to Jesus, and now I have a home and a hope." The timid mother could not rise, for she had a babe at her breast, but she smiled through her tears and said, "It is all true." The Grandmother added her testimony, which she did many times that winter and long afterward, and made it emphatic by her fidelity in washing and scrubbing in many homes, until observing and supporting churches said, "the change in that one family is a sure dividend on our mission work." The uncle's testimony followed, but alas! he afterward fell under the power of the tempter; yet has he not gone beyond the power of Christ's forgiveness. Let us pray that he comes back. Little Annie did her part in the family struggle for independence all that winter. With her yet younger sister, she did errands, running her little express sled and cart here and there where she could be helpful. But the spring's cold and exposure were too much for her tender little frame. Our first known convert was our first loss by death from the Sunday-school.

A Whole Family Redeemed.

I had not been long back in the dear old parish when the father of this family called on me. He wanted me to preach on the streets with him again, but my old voice is out of practice for out door work. It was harder yet to face his praise on the brilliant street and to meet the crowd he drew up stairs to hear the Californian. But I got sure confirmation that the whole family who once lived over a saloon, where the broken windows with obtruding rags showed what rum will do to down a fine mechanic, were now in comfort in their own hired house. I dined there with a healthy company of happy and well fed workmen. "Little Annie" was not forgotten. They said that God gave me the dear child's heart for my Master, and that she had led all the others to him. The venerable grandmother is a "shock of corn fully ripe." As I baptized Annie's sister's babe, and realized what Jesus Christ had wrought for that household, I felt indeed that no millionaire in that beautiful city could buy my dividends of gratitude and delight.

The Canary's Song.

In a plain little home of that splendid city, a dear fellow missionary helper lies, bedridden now for seven years. He overdid one Sabbath day. If there be any harder place than a pastor's it is the work of a faithful city missionary. Bicycles help, but a man can drive a bicycle until he drops. Oh men, who set brother men to the cure of souls, let me tell you it takes hold as no other work that I have ever done does, and mine has been a varied life. I had taken a canary as a gift to this old comrade, who had so long fed gold fish in a globe by his bedside that they would eat from his hands. The bargain with the bird fancier was that the canary might have a month to prove himself a singer in a strange place. While I prayed with my brother in bonds, the sun, the same sun which gilds these snowy mountains about me,, broke out of the clouds, and filled the room with brightness. The bird burst out in grateful song.

I think yet, it must have been my friend who really led Annie to Jesus by his gentle ways. But, when he walks with her in white he shall hear a chorus of thanksgivin~ from a multitude whom no man can number.

Now, pastors dear, tell of your glad victories. That is what The Pacific is for. Thank you, Brother Adams, for your story.

Saratoga.

ONE AFTERNOON'S BROWSING.

W. N. Burr.

The papers and magazines have been somewhat neglected since the new year began—we have been flitting from one field of service to another, and what with packing and unpacking there has not been much time for reading. This morning, however, the last window shade was put in place in the new home, and I felt that I was entitled to an afternoon with my friends "The Congregationalist," "The Advance," "The Pacific," and all the rest of the journals that seem to be among our essentials.

Of course "The Pacific" had been looked over with more or less care each week. One would as soon think of keeping his wife under lock and key until it happened to be convenient for him to release her, as to keep "The Pacific" in the house a week or a day without giving it a chance to speak. But many of the other periodicals had been forced to wait for the convenient time.

It was rather startling to find "The Congregationalist" wearing a new dress so decidedly different from anything ever found before in its wardrobe. At first I was a little inclined not to like the change. The new type seemed too large. Just then there came a twitch in the eyes that I have occasionally felt of late, and something said: "You are getting older, Felix, than you used to be, and you may thank your stars, if you are to keep on reading "The Congregationalist" the rest of your days, that it is dressed out in print that old eyes can master;" and I accepted the blunt personality without resentment, and read Pastor Goodrich's article on "State and Church in France" without physical discomfort. It went so easy that I kept right on through Dr. Jones' message concerning present-day "Stress and Strain in India."

I took up the last "Outlook" and glanced over its pages. "Rome Against the Republic," by M. Wagner, and "India's Awakening," by Mr. Bissell, attracted my attention. "France and India have the boards in both 'Congregationalits' and 'Outlook' this week," I said, as I laid aside "The Outlook" for a still more convenient season.

"The Missionary Herald" came next. Here was another old friend wearing a new dress. I turned the front cover and began to read. I read every word of the six pages of "Editorial Notes." I went with Mr. King and Mr. Wilder on their trip to "Zike's Kraal" in East Africa. I read eagerly President Capen's "Twentieth Century Call to Men." I had been telling my people in two parishes something about that layman's missionary meeting that was held in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City in November. I read with great interest Dr. Hume's account of the dedication of the new church at Ahmednagar—I had started a group of earnest young people in a study of our three missions in India and Ceylon not many weeks before, and I remembered how some of them had tripped when they tried to say "Ahmednagar." I read the story of Sanders, of Aintab, who, though "lightly attached to this world" did so much for it before he was called higher. I read also the story of that other Greenfell, who had the same spirit as that of "the intrepid missionary of the Labrador coast," but who found his work on the Congo and its tributaries as "a path finder for the King" until he was called to the higher service. And the story of Pastor Chia—I could not stop until I had read that, too. Then I glanced through "The Home Department," and "The Young People's Department," and the "Letters From the Missions;" and when I had gone clean through that "Herald" from cover to cover, I laid it down and I said, "Now I feel like getting out to the work in my parish."

Brethren, when you get tired, and a bit disheartened, and find yourselves almost wishing that you could drop the work of the ministry and do something a little easier, just sit down and read one number of "The Missionary Herald" through, as I did this afternoon. You will begin to feel like going out and hunting up every poor, sick, sinful and neglected mortal in town before you have read a dozen pages; and when you are through you will be crying out with Jeremiah: "His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay."

La Jolla, Calif, Jan. 18, 1907.

THE RACE TRACK AND GAMBLING.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity listened last Monday to some able and timely thoughts by the Rev. Dr. J. A. Chamberlain of Berkeley on "The Horse, the Track and the Gambler." Dr. Chamberlain said some beautiful things about the horse as a noble and useful animal and stated that he regarded the race-track as legitimate as a pair of farm scales. But he stood in stanch opposition to the evils of the race-track. It had been greatly perverted latterly, and had become simply a gambling adjunct; and the gambling mania is one of the great curses of American life. The Eshleman bill before the legislature was referred to as one that ought to pass. But, though a valiant fight is being made for it by its framer and others, it was not thought to stand much of a chance of getting through. In the course of his paper Dr. Chamberlain said that it was remarked sometimes that the talk of ministers on such evils did not do much good. Nevertheless it was the ministers of North Dakota who several years ago defeated the bill to permit the Louisiana Lottery to establish itself in that state. Mention was made of the fact that a member of the legislature who was advocating it urged that the bill be pushed through to a vote before a certain Sunday, saying that if it was not the ministers would defeat it. But a vote was not reached before that Sunday came. On that day the pulpits of all North Dakota attacked the monster evil, and when a few days later the bill came to a vote it went down in defeat. History records the fact and will forever record it that the pulpits of North Dakota defeated that iniquitous measure.

A HOME MISSIONARY PIONEER.

In the death recently of Mrs. Jane Dwinell Hale, there passed away one of the band of Home Missionaries who came to California in 1853, via Cape Horn, on the ship **Trade Wind.** Of the ten men and women, there were four Congregationalists, Rev. and Mrs. John Gardiner Hale, and Rev. and Mrs. Wm. C Pond. Mr. and Mrs. Hale went to Grass Valley, where Mr. Hale organized the Congregational church of that place, and was its pastor for four years. They then returned to New England.

In 1881 they again became residents of this state, making their home in Redlands, where, after pastoral

work, Mr. Hale established Bellevue Academy. He died in 1892, at Redlands, where Mrs. Hale has since made her home, active in the work of the church, influential in councils of missionary organizations and beloved in the community. She was one of those who organized the Southern Branch of the W. B. M. P., from the first and until recently a vice-president. She was the only sister of the late Rev. I. E. Dwinell, D.D. She was wise in counsel, of fine intellectual qualities, energetic in all that she undertook, and fully consecrated to the service of Jesus Christ.

One scarcely realized that when the call of the Master came she had lived almost seventy-seven years. She died after a few days' illness at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. G. Crafts, in Oakland, on Jan. 8th. Another daughter, residing in New York, and a son, Rev. Edson Dwinell Hale, of Vacaville, survive her. Funeral services were held in Oakland and Redlands, the interment taking place in the latter city.

Among the Churches.

California.

San Francisco, Olivet.—Two persons united with the church at the recent communion. The benevolences last year amounted to $300.

San Francisco, Park.—New families are coming into this part of the city and new faces are seen at the services.

Oakland, Plymouth.—The Rev. Miles Fisher who has worked in this field faithfully for several years has presented his resignation and will take up work ere long under the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society.

Eureka.—The reports at the recent annual meeting showed a good condition in the church. Fifty persons were received to membership during the year. The Home Missionary contributions were four times greater than for any preceding year. The total receipts for current expenses etc., were $3,583.83. The total expenditures were $3,437.46. An indebtedness of $600 was cancelled and about $200 spent for repairs. The Ladies' League has turned over to the church over $500. The prayer meeting is well attended. Congregations on Sunday are good, especially in the evening, when frequently the church is almost full, having 500 and more present. During the year we have organized a Men's Club, known as the Congregational Church Club. We have upwards of 30 members. At our meeting last evening we elected six to membership and others are coming. After the meeting, i. e., business meeting, we always have some one speak to us—a specialist if possible. Last evening Supt. Thornbury of our city schools spoke to us on "Trades Schools," and it was very good. The whole of the paper was printed in the Morning Times this morning. Supt. Underwood of the county schools will speak at the next meeting. Some months ago Supt. Harrison being with us, gave us a very able paper on "Law Observance." This Club meets a need here. It takes the place of a lecture course. Men from all walks of life come here. We have recently organized a woman's missionary society.

Benicia.—The Benicia Church held its annual meeting on Friday evening, Jan. 17th. About sixty sat down to the bountiful dinner served by the Ladies' Social Circle, after which the business meeting was held. Especial interest was centered in the reports of the treasurer of the church, and other organizations connected with it. In each case there was a balance in the treasury—six dollars in the church, fifty dollars in the Ladies' Social Circle, nine dollars in the Sunday-school, and ten dollars in the Endeavor Society. This is the best financial record for years, and is a most encouraging feature of the work, over thirteen hundred dollars having been received from all sources. This is the more notable as the church has suffered severely from removals during the year. The additions have been, four on confession, and two by letter; the dismissions, ten by letter, and one by death. In spite of losses, the church faces the future with good courage, in the midst of a population strongly Roman Catholic. There is the promise of an electric road from Vallejo in the near future, which, it is hoped, may bring new life to the town. The pastor, Rev. B. St. John, has entered on the third year of his pastorate. One of the most delightful features of our annual meeting was the presentation of a portrait of Dr. Willey, given by himself, "in memory of a pleasant pastorate of about ten years, and in recognition of many expressions of kindliness to myself and family which have been sent to us in the sixteen or seventeen years that have followed." A resolution of hearty thanks to Dr. Willey was given, and the portrait will be hung in the audience room of the church.

Washington.

Seattle, University Place.—It is hoped that work may be commenced soon on the new house of worship which is greatly needed in this rapidly growing part of the city. To meet the needs will require an expenditure of from $35,000 to $45,000.

Seattle, Plymouth.—A few years ago Plymouth Church arranged with Secretary Wikoff of the Church Building Society to make an annual contribution of $500 for the work of church building in Washington. That amount for the current year has been turned over; $300 of it will be applied on a church building; $200 on a parsonage.

Kennewick.—The Frst Congregational Church of Kennewick, Wash., at its annual business meeting held Jan. 14th, voted to extend a call to Rev. Wm. Snape, to fiell the pulpit for a second year. Mr. Snape's first year in the church has been very successful, resulting in many new members, and in the raising of funds for a fine new church edifice, to be erected soon.

Every man has a mission in life, and a failure in eternity will result from a failure on our part to find that mission, and with God's help fulfil it. Failures in this life are usually aimless, purposless humans, who excite pity and often contempt, burying their talents, or hiding them in napkins, careless and indifferent as to the day of final reckoning.

The Home.

A DEAL IN APPLES.

By Mrs. M. F. Howard.

"Those apples must get to market or they will spoil on the ground," said Mrs. Arnold, decidely, as her husband washed his hands at the kitchen sink.

"There isn't much use in taking them to market either, mother," replied Mr. Arnold, polishing his countenance until it shone, with the crash roller towel. "Being such a big crop this year, the price has dropped away out of sight. Last year now, there was'nt enough apples to scarcely keep us in pies; this year we had to prop the trees."

"Well, if we can't sell them we can give them away." Mrs. Arnold dished up her breakfast energetically. "It's just a sin and a shame to let the Lord's good bounty lie on the ground, doing nobody any good."

"Well, well, mother, don't slam that dish down so hard, or something will break around here. I'll fill a wagon load of barrels tomorrow and start for the city with them as early as I can. But don't you go counting on that new silk gown out of the sale, for it's mor'n likely you will be disappointed."

"I've lived without a silk dress this far and I reckon I can get along with alpaca a little longer," replied Mrs. Arnold, marching toward the dining-room with a dish in each hand. "Fetch along the coffee pot, Josiah, and don't burn yourself on the handle."

The next morning Mr. Arnold was ready with his load of apples, each barrel provided with a long willow switch with a fine specimen of the contents stuck upon it. It was a tempting load, for the Arnold orchard was of the best, and Mr. Arnold had taken great pains to select only the best of the fruit.

It was not a long drive to the city, and the strong farm horses drew their load briskly, invigorated by the crisp, fresh breeze which blew from the lake, with a distant touch of winter in it.

Mr. Arnold often sang softly to himself as he drove along, and his songs were of a pleasant nature, like himself. Today it was, "Jerusalem, my happy home, name ever dear to me."

"Yes, that's so. It don't make much difference how pleasant we have things down here, it's a pretty thought that there's a better home awaiting for us up yonder. Mother and me will be mighty glad to get there, too, I reckon, for life is full of pin pricks, at its best, and we've had our share."

The horses trotted on through the suburbs of the city, toward the fruit markets. "Apples? Well, sir, I'm sorry to say it, but there is no market for apples today. A dozen carloads have come in from Michigan, and just knocked prices clean out of sight. It wouldn't pay you to unload, even if we could take them at all."

Mr. Arnold's ruddy face fell, for he had been maturing a little scheme of his own on the way to town. At any sort of a fair price the apples shold bring the price of a silk gown for the patient wife who had needed one so long, but instead had worn her old alpaca until it was shiny and threadbare. He had counted his chickens prematurely.

"Perhaps you might sell them by crying them on the residence streets," suggested the dealer. Mr. Arnold turned his horses toward the avenues with revived hope. "Apples, Appl-l-es."

Mr. Arnold had a strong lusty voice and he used it unsparingly, but not a customer appeared, and with a keen sense of disappointment he turned toward the humbler streets where the tenement houses stood in long, uninviting rows. His shortest route home was out beyond these even, where the tenements were shabbier, and where grim poverty was evidenced by rags and dirt. Swarms of children were playing in the unwholesome gutters and on the sidewalks, and Mr. Arnold noticed with interest their pinched faces, their unhealthy pallor.

"They don't look as if they had eaten a square meal in a year," he commented as he passed a little girl with a scrawny baby in her thin arms. The little one was crying, not the lusty cry of healthy babyhood, but the dull, moaning cry which is born of hunger and pain. A sudden impulse stirred his heart.

"Here, little one, have some apples." The horses stopped, and a handful of the mellowest pippins he had were tossed on the sidewalk. The older child reached down eagerly for the fruit, and the babe stopped its wailing. "Put down the baby, and I'll fill your skirt full. Hold fast now." The girl obeyed, looking up at Mr. Arnold in dumb gratitude and delight as the red and gold fruit came tumbling into her shabby skirt. "There, those will keep you and the little one tasting for a spell I reckon."

"I might as well give them away as to carry them back home," he said to himself as an eager crowd of wizened children gathered, to see the marvel of apples delivered without money or price. "Here you kids, any more of you want apples?" Eager hands and wistful faces were lifted toward the big farm wagon.

"You bet we do, mister," yelled one little urchin. "I found a napple yesterday and there wasn't but one little, teeny bite took out of it," cried another, in whose voice was the echo of semi-starvation.

Tears came very near Mr. Arnold's kind blue eyes while he distributed as much of his load as the children could carry, and as he watched them, with their arms, pockets and aprons full, scurrying toward their poor homes to show their treasures, and share them with the mothers and sisters there, he shook out his bandana and used it vigorously.

He drove on to the next block, and his face was grave as he passed out the last apple to a young girl, whose hollow cheeks and heavy eyes were eloquent with need. "The Lord will reward you, sir," she said with courtesy unusual in the locality. "Mother and I were brought up in the country, and we long so for these country luxuries but we are too poor to buy them." He took her number with some wild idea of dumping a wagon load of country delicacies there at some future time; and of taking the mother and her daughter home with him for a month's rest, and the bandana came into use again as he drove on.

"Hang it, I don't know what mother will say, but I declare it is the best deal in apples that I have made in many a year," he said, as the horses trotted along with their lightened load. "The Lord is a good enough paymaster, when he pays principal and interest right on the spot. I haven't felt so rich for months."

A bright thought struck him, even before the horses' hoofs struck the country road. "Why not? Mother has been a good faithful wife, and she de-

serves all that I can do for her." It was not so long a drive back to the bank where the savings of years were deposited, and when next the encouraged horses struck the homeward road, a long bundle was carefully stowed away in a safe place in the wagon.

"Is that you, Joshua?" called Mrs. Arnold as she peered out of the door into the gathering gloom. "Well, hurry right in, for supper is just about ready. So far as I can see there are just as many barrels as you had when you started out," she remarked as the wagon came to view under the rays of the uplifted candle.

"Yes, mother, the barrels are here but they are empty."

"Did you get a good price?"

"I'll tell you all about it, mother, when I come in, and you may decide," He told the story as they two sat together over the warm biscuit and honey, the fragrant tea and platter of poached eggs, and Mrs. Arnold's apron came up to her eyes as her husband bandana had done.

"I am so glad. I'm so awfully glad you did it, Josiah. Those poor creatures needed the apples enough sight more than we needed the money for them."

She folded and patted the folds of rich silk with a pleased and tender smile after supper, and as she wrapped the bundle carefully in a snowy linen towel for safe keeping, she said briskly, "We'll go out and pick up the rest of those apples tomorrow, Josiah. We mustn't let one of them go to waste, with such a market standing open for them."

Clinton, Iowa.

The Quiet Hour.

THE VISION OF CHRIST.

Have you and I today
Stood silent as with Christ, apart from joy or fray
Of life, to see by faith His face,
And grow, by brief companionship, more true,
More nerved to lead, to dare, to do
For Him at any cost? Have we today
Found time in thought our hand to lay
In His, and thus compare
His will with ours, and wear
The impress of His wish? Be sure
Such contact will endure
Throughout the day; will help us walk erect
Through storm and flood; detect,
Within the hidden life, sin's dross, its stain;
Revive a thought of love for Him again;
Steady the steps which waver; help us see
The footpath meant for you and me.

—Author Unknown.

GLAD THAT OTHERS CAN DO MORE.

I used to think I should be thwarted in my desire to do something useful. But I have found out that, though the ways in which I can make myself useful are few, the work open to me is endless. The gladdest laborer in the vineyard may be a cripple. Darwin could work only half an hour at a time, yet in many diligent half hours he laid anew the foundations of philosophy. I long to accomplish a great and noble tasks, but it is my chief duty and joy to accomplish tasks as though they were great and noble. It is my service to think how I can best fulfill the demands that each day makes upon me, and to recognize that others can do what I can not. Green, the historian, tells us that the world is moving along not only by the mighty shoves of its heroes, but also by the aggregate of the tiny pushes of each houest worker; and that thought alone suffices to guide me in this dark world and wide. I love the good that others do; for their activity is an assurance that, whether I can help or not, the true and the good will stand sure.—Helen Keller.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND SERVICE.

Who are the best-loved people in the community? I answer unhesitatingly they are the unselfish. They are those who have drunk deepest of the spirit of Jesus Christ. They are those who have the most effectually cut that cursed cancer of self out of their hearts, and filled its place with that love that "seeketh not its own." This beautiful grace sometimes blooms out in most unexpected places. It was illustrated by the poor lad in the coal mine when a fatal accident occurred, and a man came down to relieve the sufferers, and the brave boy said to him, "Don't mind me; Joe Brown is a little lower down, and he's a'most gone; save him first!" There are enough "Joe Browns" who are lower down in poverty and ignorance, in weakness and in want than we are, and Christianity's first duty is to save them. It was to save sinners from sinking into the deeper pit of hell that Jesus died on Calvary. He who stoops the lowest to rescue lost souls will have the highest place in heaven. Will it not be these unselfish spirits who will have John's place up there on the Savious's bosom and will be "the disciples whom Jesus loves?"—Theodore L. Cuyler.

Young People.

THE ADVENTURE OF PETER AND POLLY.

Peter Waddle, just fresh from a combing, with his fluffy tail fluffiier than ever and a new pink bow on his new leather collar, sat on the backyard walk.

Peter was six months old, and the most trusting Angora kitten that ever mewed to be cuddled. He loved everything and everybody, even the housemaid, who shooed him out of her way twenty times in a morning. In fact, the reason for his sitting on the walk was because Nora had just closed the door on him. He held no hard thoughts against Nora. He knew she would save him the best of the chicken bones, and see that he had plenty of gravy on his potatoes. So he sat in the sun and blinked.

Now all was different with Polly Coddle. Polly Coddle could get into the same yard with Peter Waddle, but she did not belong there. She lived in a shabbby yard on the other side of a tall fence, where housemaids were unknown. She had a three-colored coat of fur, and wore no leather collar, nor any kind of bow; and the nearest she had ever come to chicken bones was to smell feathers thrown away in some ash barrel. But she was like Peter in this—she was only

six months old, and had come to sit in the sunshine.

Peter spied her as she was giving a final touch of cleaning to her bib.

"Something more to love," he thought, and started along the walk. But to his amazement this "something more" humped its back, flattened its ears, and spit. This was a reception so unexpected that Peter halted. Thereupon Polly Coddle let her ears come back to their natural position and curled her tail complacently round her toes.

"I may be poor," was what she seemed to say, "but I'm proud, too, and I don't know that kitten."

Peter sidled round and said, "Miau!" He meant it in the friendliest spirit, but Polly was not used to friendliness. She got up and, with one eye on Peter, moved nearer her own fence. Peter, mistaking this for an invitation to play, made another dash, but this time was brought up so abruptly by Polly Coddle's bristling manner that he barely saved himself from a backward somersault. He looked at Polly. Polly looked back, unwinking.

Peter considered. When he wanted anything in the house, and they would not give it to him at once, he sat up on his hind legs. He certainly wanted that three-colored kitten to play with him. Perhaps she was like the people in the house. Sitting up might move her. He rose on his hind legs, dropped his front paws as he had been taught, and waited. Polly looked at him out of sleepy eyes, and went on with her washing.

Peter dropped on all fours again. He felt about discouraged. There was one thing more, however. He had known it to happen that he got his way sometimes if he rolled over. He did not like to do this. He felt so silly afterward, but he would try it. He made ready, squirmed, twisted, squirmed some more for good measure, gave a big flop, and it was done! And whether it was the plumy tail waving aloft, as Peter went over, or whether Polly Coddle thought a kitten who could tumble like that must be nice to play with, is not certain; but no sooner had Peter righted himself than Polly drew near, put a cautious paw on the tip of Peter's tail, allowed him to sniff noses with her, and in another minute the two were rolling one another over as if they had been lifelong friends.

And then into the midst of this frolic came an interruption. Somehow, from somewhere, through the unlatched front gate or over the low front yard fence blundered—a dog. Turning the corner of the house, he caught sight of the kittens, and, making a dash from the walk, was close upon them before they could untwist themselves.

It was an awful moment, and Peter, who had never had to meet danger before, would have tured to run. But Polly's life had taught her better than that. She knew you must never run from a dog unless you are sure that you can get to a tree or fence before he does; and this time she was not sure, the trees and fences were so far away. Instead, she faced squarely about, braced her paws, and, swelling herself up beyond anything one would have thought possible, spit with all her might. And Peter, catching her spirit of defiance, swelled himself up and spit, too.

It was a sight to daunt a braver dog than this one, who not only stopped short, but backed with a foolish bark. Upon this Polly, humping her back higher and flattening her ears flatter, advanced sidewise. Peter, showing that he could learn rapidly, followed her example. The dog stood perfectly still for a moment, regarding the kittens with a look that seemed to ask if they were really in earnest, and, apparently deciding that they were, gave a silly pounce on the grass, and, barking at every step, as if to protest that he was not frightened, lumbered round the house to the street.

Slowly the kittens unswelled themselves, and slowly, but together followed to the corner of the house. Here they looked carefully round. Nothing was to be seen. All was safe and quiet.

Peter drew near Polly and bumped his head against her. Polly bumped back.

"P-r-r-t!" said Peter.

"P-r-r-t!" answered Polly, which means that they knew the danger was over, and they were good friends indeed.—Northern Christian Advocate.

HE GOT THE JOB.

"I was amused the other day," said a hardware dealer, "at a small boy who came around for a job. One of the clerks had dropped a lot of sharp-pointed tacks into a drawer of brass screws, and had given up the idea of taking them out. When the youngster turned up we thought we would try him by letting him sort the two articles. He went at it the same way the clerk had begun, picking out the tacks with his fingers, and getting the point of about every third tack in the ball of his thumb. He had enough in about a minute, and he straightened up. We all began to smile, expecting him to give up the job. Instead of that he went over to the show case and picked out a horseshoe magnet. Then he came back to the box. In thirty seconds he had the tacks out and the screws were still in the compartment. He knew that the magnet would attract iron and not the brass, and in a jiffy he had accomplished what we had been trying to do all the morning. We didn't really need a boy, but this little fellow's smartness appealed to us, and we engaged him at once."

THE SUNSET LIMITED.

Oh, Hush-a-bye Land is a beautiful place
For sleepy small people to go,
And Rock-a-bye Route is the favorite one
With a certain wee laddie I know.

The track lies on sleepers of feathers and down,
No accidents ever take place,
Though there's only one track, and there's only one train,
But it runs at a wonderful pace.

There are beautiful things to be seen on this route,
If you're good you may take just a peep;
But strange as it seems, they are seen best in dreams,
Be sure that you soon go to sleep.

Say good-night to the Sun, for he's off to bed, too—
He can't hear you, so just wave your hand;
The Moon and the Stars they will light up the cars
As you travel to Hush-a-bye Land.

So, quick, jump aboard, it is time to be off,
You have nothing to pay, you young elf;
Just think of the luxury, laddie, you'll have—
A whole sleeping-car to yourself!

—Booklover's Magazine.

MALICIOUS MISCHIEF.

From the California Christian Advocate.

Dr. F. D. Mather, member of the Southern California Conference, sends us the following clipping from one of the Los Angeles papers. It is a piece of mischievous ignorance which has been circulated very freely upon the Pacific-Coast since the San Francisco school incident. "An American can't own property in Japan," it says, and adds, "and Japan declines to furnish free schools for American children there resident. A Japanese, on the contrary, can own property in this country and his children may attend our free schools. What are the Japs kicking about, anyhow?" The Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church owns property in Japan. Every church doing missionary work in Japan owns property. Such statements are misleading. Individual foreigners may not acquire absolute ownership of property in Japan, yet by contract the foreigner can obtain possession for a thousand or two thousand years. The Japanese government will permit an American to be naturalized and become a Japanese. On account of the limited territory foreign corporations are not allowed to own more land than is necessary for the accommodation of the business in which they are engaged. In none of these restrictions are the Americans treated in any manner different from that accorded to all foreigners. Japan's only contention with the San Francisco School Board is that Japanese children shall be treated as the School Board treats the children of all other foreigners.

Our correspondent also asks about the statement industriously circulated that the Japanese are compelled to employ Chinese as cashiers of their banks, because the Japanese are too dishonest. This is another malicious slander. Its foundation seems to be the fact that there is a Hongkong-Shanghai Banking Corporation with banks in Tokyo, San Francisco, New York, and London, and various other great commercial centers. The globe-trotter goes to this Chinese-English bank to get his drafts cashed and in his haste concludes that the Chinese are the financiers of Japan. To be consistent the globe-trotter ought to extend his statement far enough to include San Francisco, New York, and London. When Mexican silver money was first introduced into Japan from China, some Chinese were employed in the Japanese banks as experts on the Mexican dollars. The implication that the Japanese are essentially dishonest is a slander pure and simple.

There is not the slightest evidence in Japan nor in this country that the Japanese have ever discriminated against the Americans at any time. They treat Americans as they treat the citizens and subjects of any other nation. Japan has a language test for foreigners. Japan would not object to any test or any law which applied to the children of all foreigners.

ARMY CANTEEN AGAIN.

The restoration of the army canteen rests upon the effort to convince congress that more drinking is carried on outside the garrison under the present law excluding the canteen from the army than formerly existed under the rule admitting the canteen. The subsidized press lends itself vigorously to the emphasis of outside drinking. We have no way of knowing positively that the drinking about the Presidio prior to the exclusion of the army canteen was equal or even much worse than it is now yet this much remains that no one has brought forward any data to show that it was different or better. The facts seem to be that canteen drinking not only does not reduce but actually increases the amount of drinking. The press sympathizing with the contention to put the canteen back in the army post will cease to exploit the outside drinking as soon as congress takes action to put the canteen back. Such a movement is a moral reaction, a confession of natinal weakness, a depreciation of soldier life, a concession to the lowest and most brutal forces which stir in the human breast. All American patriotism is lowered by such a step backward. The American army ought to be clean and safe. Such a concession would be extremely unfortunate. The time has passed in the history of the world when mere numbers in an army count for its strength. It has now come to a question of intelligence and manhood of each individual soldier. The presupposition that soldiers must and will drink more or less is not a correct method of reasoning. The American soldier should have the highest and best moral training. Provide for his intelligence, his moral welfare and thus raise the standard of life is the way to make the American army strong.

AN INSTANCE OF JAPANSESE DEVOTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.

The outcry against the Jaanese is so deafening these days that we wonder if Reason hasn't fled altogether from some newspaper shops and left Prejudice in its place. Some of the Japanese who are so berated are Christians; and if any one has any doubt as to what kind of Christians they are, let me state the following instance of loyalty to the Church of Christ and generosity in its behalf:

The Oakland Japanese Congregational Church wants a house of worship. They recently raised $600 in a bazaar. But as that is less than one-tenth of the desired amount, each of the seventy members is going (and some have already done so) to work a month in the summer and turn the total wage into the fund for building their church. One member, a student, who is not exactly a millionaire, worked last summer picking grapes and turned in his thirty dollars for the purpose mentioned.

I am an American and believe in the Anglo-Saxon, but I also believe in fairness to all. I am merely urged to remark that if the members of a certain church that I know about would do what the members of this Japanese church are taking upon themselves to do, we would have a much needed parsonage as soon as lumber and nails and labor could build it. C.

THE CALIFORNIA CHINESE MISSION.

The annual meeting of this corporation will be held pursuant to adjournment and by vote of the Board of Directors, at 514 Devisadero St., San Francisco, on Monday, Feb. 4th, at 2:30 p. m. Besides the presentation of the annual reports and the election of officers for the ensuing year, the following amendments to the constitution recommended by the Board of Directors will be presented for consideration:

Article 1st to read, This corporation shall be called the Congregational Oriental Mission of the Pacific Coast.

Article 2nd, instead of the words "Among the Chinese and Japanese in California," the words, "Among the Orientals upon the Pacific Coast and elsewhere."

Wm. C. Pond, Secretary.

Recent statements from the Marshall and Gilbert Islands, as well as from Ponape, Micronesia, show that there is a vigorous Christian life among the native churches. In the Marshall group 661 were added to the churches, and 318 to the Gilbert group.

A HAPPY HOME.

Some of the happiest homes I have ever been in, ideal homes, where intelligence, peace, and harmony dwell, have been homes of poor people. No rich carpets covered the floors, there were no costly paintings on the walls, no piano, no library, no works of art. But there were contented minds, devoted and unselfish lives, each contributing as much as possible to the happiness of all, and endeavoring to compensate by intelligence and kindness for the poverty of their surroundings. "One cheerful, bright, and contented spirit in a household will uplift the tone of all the rest. The keynote of the home is in the hand of the resolutely cheerful member of the family, and he or she will set the pitch for the rest."

If a wife cannot make her home bright and happy, so that it shall be the cleanest, sweetest, cheerfullest place her husband can find refuge in—a retreat from the toils and troubles of the outer world, then God help the poor man, for he is virtually homeless. "Homekeeping hearts," said Longfellow, "are happiest." What is a good wife, a good mother? Is she not a gift out of heaven, sacred and delicate, with affections so great that no measuring line short of that of the infinite God can tell their bound; fashioned to refine and soothe and lift and irradiate home and society and the world; of such value that no one can appreciate it, unless his mother lived long enough to let him understand it, or unless, in some great crisis of life, when all else failed him, he had a wife to reinforce him with a faith in God that nothing could disturb?"—From "Cheerfulness as a Life Power."

THE ARTFUL SQUIRREL.

You may find many a squirrel in the course of your tramp, but no two alike exactly in their method of attempting escape or concealment. The ways and means of the little rascals are legion. One may flatten himself out against a gray patch on the back of a tree trunk, absolutely motionless; and unless in your earnest, steadfast looking you can detect an ear or a shoulder in relief against the sky, you might as well abandon search. Another may lie along a bough flattened at full length; but here the telltale ears are more easily silhouetted. Still another may crouch drawn up in a fork; and here the thing to look for is the fluffy tip of that little signal flag which always works and waves and jerks and signals so bravely when danger is not in the air. Or one may gather himself up in a bunch to imitate a knot or knob; and here he can very well tell when you have spied him out. He will catch your eye, even as you catch the eye of an acquaintance in a crowd, and will instantly limber up for headlong flight, leaping from tree to tree, till he vanishes over the ridge.—Field and Stream.

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Just as the plowman takes furrow by furrow, one ended before another is begun, so our duties come to us, not in battalions, but singly. Our life's plan, if we read it aright, is beneficently designed. We are not wholly abandoned to blind chance. Confusion and entanglement can come only by our choosing to refuse guidance and to shape our lot for ourselves. So it will seem to us when we have come to the end of it, and can look back—a divinely ordered whole, which even our failures can not mar, for God asks of us only our best, and if we give him these, we need not grieve overmuch if some of the furrows refuse to run straight. The failure may be success, after all, so far as our discipline is concerned. In the midst of our saddest blunders we have visions of higher things, unfulfilled aspirations, cravings for growth, and these will be satisfied, every one of them. Somewhere else the task dropped here may be taken up and made good.

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